
Title: Collection of Works

Author: Malicia Blanca

A Collection of Works;
Poems, Short Stories, &
Other Various Prose.

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By:

The Great Malicia Blanca
Master Poet & Author

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Works of Malicia Blanca
Volumn I

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The Rose of Trinsic

Deep twilight purple,
Velvet to the touch,
Fragrant & beautiful.
The true flower of
Trinsic be not the beloved
Violet rose.

Her skin as lovely to
behold as the white lotus,
like a silk Kimono to the
touch, glowing & cool.
Her eyes are twin
star-sapphires, jewels
caught, enraptured by her
smooth brow & crowning
her porcelain cheeks. Her
mouth is a butterfly,
the wings of which betray
her every emotion but
always seem to guard the
land's most precious
secret. If her face is
beauty then her body be

devine, slow curves that
seem impossible, as if she
were a painting or
sculpted by one with a
vision of a goddess. She
dances with every
movement, a fluid grace
that inspires both awe &
lust. Aye, to offer her a
rose would be to give a
scholar a child's book, for
her beauty outshines
anything that a man could
give her. When one would
present another girl a
ribbon for her hair, no
ribbon could compare to
the long locks atop her
crown, one would only
serve to distract from
it's natural elegance.
What does such a woman
desire, what wins her
affection for a man?
Maddening, honest,
passioned, unashamed love.
Give to her your heart
wholely & with no
constraints. Humility is a
virtue which no woman
can resist.

The Bard's Lute

He smells like suicide,
going too fast, on a hot
night.
While lightning flashes and
thunder beats a rythm
in the sky.
He lifts his lute to the
heavens, though empty
they do now seem,
screaming in pain,
screaming in vain, he
beckons them to notice
him. His mount's hooves
thrash unyielding, his
mare is now mad as he,
he strums from his
saddle, rain pours down
his body, but his song
must be heard again. A
slow lonely tune he first
plays, but soon it picks
up pace, riding with no
moonlight, lightning flashes
again. Upon the beach of

Britain he rides, blinded
by sorrow & rain, his
mare ceases not, he will
not jump off, into the
sea they rage. On stormy
nights they can be
heard, his horse gallops in
the waves. His song you'll
hear, stricken by fear of
the bard and his faithful
steed.

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Swallowed

Years ago there was a
man, Dread Scarlet was
his name.

Pirate Capt'n steady &
strong, dealing death was
his game.

Many a widow Scarlet did
make, many an orphan
too.

Feared and loathed
through the lands,
from Britain to Minoc
& Yew.

One windy day his sails
filled tight, he raced
toward the north.

A kracken bore down with
fearsome might, Scarlet
showed his worth.

But alas our scurvy
Scarlet made one fatal
mistake.

His tillerman was
exhausted, over-worked,
and underpaid.

The tillerman turned too
sharp, Scarlet was tossed
about.

Overboard Scarlet went,
his own ship turned him
out.

Was he eaten by the
kracken, or did he simply
drown?

To this day, no one
knows, perhaps he's still
around.

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